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Poems on sundry Occasions

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P O E M S

O N

S U N D R Y O C C A S I O N S.

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B Y

J A M E S W O O D H O U S E,  
A J O U R N E Y M A N S H O E M A K E R.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for the A U T H O R,

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M.DCC.LXIV.

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E R R A T A:

In the ADVERTISEMENT, page 7, line 3, instead of *such*, read *the benefactors*.

- Page 17, l. 3. for *thoughtful*, read *thoughtless*  
18, l. 14. for *to*, read *too*  
28, l. 7. for *a*, read *or*  
47. l. 15. for *when*, read *where*  
107. l. 8. for *those*, read *these*.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the Public will expect some account of an author who was never heard of before ; a gentleman, who was honoured with the late ingenious Mr. SHENSTONE's correspondence, has undertaken to inform the reader, that JAMES WOODHOUSE is now a journeyman shoemaker, at the village of Rowley, near Hales-Owen, about seven miles from Birmingham, and two miles from Mr. SHENSTONE's of the Leffowes ; in the improvement of which small estate that gentleman had shewn so much of true taste, that it is justly the admiration of all ranks of people. His benevolence was such, that he permitted the lowest of his neighbours the benefit of these delightful scenes ; amongst whom was poor Crispin, our author ; but his happiness was not of long continuance, for the liberty Mr. SHENSTONE's good-nature granted was soon turned into licentiousness ; the people destroying the shrubs, picking the flowers, breaking down the hedges, and doing him other damage, produced a prohibition

to

to every one without application to himself or principal servants.

THIS was originally the cause of our poet's being known to Mr. SHENSTONE, he sending him, on that occasion, the first poem in this book; which not only gave him the liberty of passing many leisure hours in those charming walks, but introduced him to Mr. SHENSTONE himself; who being so obliging as to lend his London friend some manuscript poems of his own, he found intermixed with them the shoemaker's two first elegies; which WOODHOUSE, at his request, transcribed and sent Mr. SHENSTONE's friend to London; who shewing it to some of his acquaintance, they made a small collection for him, which produced the Ode on Benevolence, inscribed to his friends; whom he also mentions in his last poem of the Lessowes.

THE poem intituled Spring, was imperfectly printed in the Poetical Calendar for March 1763, without his knowledge, or the compilers even mentioning to whom they were obliged.

THE last poem, being a Description of the Lessowes, it was natural and almost unavoidable to introduce some expressions,



fions and even a few lines, which the reader will have seen in the first elegy, therefore it is hoped his candour will allow for the repetition.

MR. SHENSTONE had seen, though not corrected, the four first poems ; and often mentioned in his letters the merit of the author ; but his great modesty would not suffer a publication of these poems in which he was spoken of so highly : But as persons of taste and genius are deprived of so elegant a writer, there now remains no objection to the printing the whole, for the benefit of an obscure poet, and an honest, sober, industrious man.

IF the benevolent reader would be further informed, as to our author's education, and present situation, this will acquaint him that he had no other learning than what was sufficient to enable him to read and write, being taken from school at seven years old ; but, to use his own words, finding when he was about eighteen such an invincible inclination to reading, and an insatiable thirst after knowledge, he expended all his little perquisites in the purchase of magazines, till he became acquainted with Mr. SHENSTONE, who never refused to lend him

any book his elegant library could furnish him with; but the death of his generous patron has again circumscribed his improvement chiefly to the monthly productions.

He is about twenty-eight years of age; has a wife and two or three small children, whom he endeavours to maintain by great application to his business, and the teaching children to read and write; both of which occupations bring him in not more than eight shillings a week.

He generally sits at his work with a pen and ink by him, and when he has made a couplet he writes them down on his knee; so that he may not, thereby, neglect the duties of a good husband and kind father; for the same reason his hours for reading are often borrowed from those usually allotted to sleep.

DOUBTLESS the humane reader will, from what has been related of the station and circumstances of this poor man, think him an object worthy of his notice: And, if to humanity, the consideration of the author's uncommon genius be joined, with such a one obscurity will not preclude merit, though it be found in a cottage.



BENEFACTIONS for the use of the author of these poems, will be received by the following gentlemen; and if a second edition should be printed, the names of such shall be inserted:

MR. R. DODSLEY in Bruton-street; Mr. J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall; Mr. BRIDGEN, Merchant, in Lovell-court, Paternoster-Row, London; the Rev. Mr. R. GRAVES at Claverton near Bath; Messieurs LEAKE and FREDERICK, Bookfellers in Bath; Mr. PARKER, Bookseller in Oxford; Messieurs THURLBOURN and WOODYER in Cambridge; Messieurs PEARSON and ARIS in Birmingham; and by the Author at Rowley.



---

A N  
E L E G Y  
T O  
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;  
Of the LESSOWES.

PARDON, O SHENSTONE! an intruding strain,  
Nor blame the boldness of a village swain,  
Who feels ambition haunt the lowliest cell;  
And dares on thy distinguish'd name to dwell;  
Let no censorious frown deform thy face,  
But gladd'ning smiles maintain their wonted grace.  
Hence, vain surmise! my muse can ne'er offend  
One; who so good? To all mankind a friend.

B.

Tho'

Tho' mine the notes of a poor oaten reed,  
 And thine there's few can equal; none exceed!  
 What true respect inspires, let me believe  
 The generous SHENSTONE will at least forgive;  
 Shall he, benevolent as wise, disdain  
 The muse's suitor, tho' a scandal'd swain?  
 Tho' no auspicious rent-rolls grace my line,  
 I boast the same original divine.  
 Tho' niggard fate with-held her fordid ore,  
 Yet liberal nature gave her better store;  
 Whose influence early did my mind inspire  
 To read her works, and seek her mighty Sire.

Oft has she led me to thy fair domains,  
 Where she, with art, in sweet assemblage reigns;  
 Has led me to the dusky twilight cell\*,  
 Where meagre melancholy loves to dwell:

---

\* An alcove, from whence is a view of the vists in the wood.

Oft has creative fancy seen her move,  
 With pensive pace, along the mournful grove ;  
 Her haggard eye, and looks all downward bent,  
 Slow, creeping on, with solemn steps she went ;  
 Where tow'ring trees assail the sapphire sky,  
 While on their tops the panting breezes die,  
 Whose deep-entwined branches all conspire  
 To banish SOL, or damp his parching fire.  
 In vain! their efforts but endear the blaze,  
 While thro' the shade his penetrating rays  
 Between the quivering foliage all around  
 In circled dances gild the chequer'd ground.  
 See, thro' the centre, bursts a flood of light,  
 And woods, hills, hamlets rush upon the sight.  
 Again immerg'd, a-down the green abode,  
 My joyful feet explor'd the mazy road ;  
 Whence not a sacrilegious footstep strays,  
 Nor, lawless, seeks to tread forbidden ways.  
 Here rich parterres ; here shrubs and streams appear,  
 Whose tilling murmurs strike the ravish'd ear.

See,

See, from their dark recess they slowly creep,  
 The tear-hung flowers beside the margin weep.  
 With gurgling moan the winding stream complains,  
 And dyes its pebbly bed with sanguine stains\* ;  
 Yet, blest by heav'n, its gracious ends to serve,  
 To cheer the languid eye, and brace the slacken'd nerve :  
 Th' insatiate pond † its boundless gifts receives,  
 Absorpt and bury'd in its crystal waves ;  
 The bounding fish its silver surface spurn,  
 And hail the Naiad as she stoops her urn ;  
 Thence with a sudden burst, and louder tone,  
 The shining cataract rushes headlong down ‡.

OFT-TIMES beneath the verdant slope I've stood,  
 And, as the jutting stones divide the flood,

\* The serpentine mineral stream that stains the pebbles with oker.

† Pond below.

‡ Cascade falling from this pond.



Well pleas'd beheld the wide expanded stream  
 Reflecting far an adamantine gleam.  
 Its self-scoop'd reservoir, beneath, it laves  
 In foaming eddies ; then, in circling waves,  
 Kisses in wanton sport the rocky sides,  
 Till, sweetly smiling, smoothly on it glides.  
 What flowers along its borders nature spreads,  
 Which o'er the liquid mirror hang their heads !  
 And there, self-lov'd, their painted charms survey,  
 Until, NARCISSUS-like, they pine away.

HERE gloomy grottos spread a solemn shade \* ;  
 There bench'd alcoves afford their friendly aid :  
 Here lucid streams in wild meanders stray,  
 And deviate far, to share the smoothest way ;  
 Or, nobly bold, with unremitting pride,  
 O'er stones and fragments pour th' impetuous tide ;  
 While on the margin, with VERTUMNUS, reigns  
 The blooming FLORA, chequ'ring all the plains ;

---

\* The root houses.

And painted kine the flow'ry herbage graze,  
 Whose milky store their bill of fare repays ;  
 While, warbling round, the plummy choirists throng,  
 And glad th' horizon with their rural song.

HAIL, blooming EDEN ! Hail, ARCADIAN shades !  
 Where dwells APOLLO ; dwell th' AONIAN maids :  
 Immortal train ! who alway thee attend,  
 Their chosen fav'rite, and their constant friend :  
 With heart-felt joy I've traced their various song,  
 Express'd in fragments \*, all thy walks along :  
 To read them ALL would be my humble pride ;  
 But only part is granted, part deny'd :  
 I feel no GRECIAN ; feel no ROMAN fire ;  
 I only share the BRITISH muse's lyre ;  
 And that stern penury dares almost deny ;  
 For manual toils alone my wants supply :  
 The awl and pen by turns possess my hand,  
 And worldly cares, e'en now, the muse's hour demand.

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\* The mottos and inscriptions.

Once fickle fortune's gifts before me shone,  
 But now that dazzling prospect's lost and gone!  
 What is, is best: And now that hope's no more,  
 Am I less happy than I was before,  
 Who live resign'd to my CREATOR's will,  
 And sweet contentment's presence blesses still?

THINK not I write for hire!—My gen'rous muse  
 Has no such mean, such mercenary views!  
 I only wish to be thy serving friend,  
 And on thy footsteps faithful to attend:  
 I ask no pay; let all my wages be  
 My mind's improvement, while I wait on thee.  
 To hear thy works, to read them o'er and o'er,  
 Wou'd be both INDIES; Wisdom's richest store!  
 Aw'd by thy modest worth, I dare no more.  
 Is this my prayer? It must acceptance find;  
 My muse not venal; thine humane and kind.

ONCE thy propitious gates no fears betray'd,  
 But bid all welcome to the sacred shade;

'Till BELIAL's sons (of gratitude the bane)  
 With curst riot dar'd thy groves profane:  
 And now their fatal mischiefs I deplore,  
 Condemn'd to dwell in PARADISE no more!  
 Thy just resentment, like Heaven's flaming guard,  
 With frowning bolts all entrance has debarr'd,  
 On that BLEST DAY, which with the great I share  
 In luscious ease, retir'd from toil and care;  
 That ease, which banishes the frown austere,  
 And ranks the peasant equal with the peer.  
 Then hear my humble claim; and smiling grant  
 The fond petition of thy suppliant;  
 That when before thy villa's gate I stand,  
 An offer'd key may grace thy servant's hand:  
 Nor shall the youthful votary of the muse,  
 Nor friends select, her haunts and thine abuse;  
 But share her influence; bless the live-long day;  
 And, when again she sings, resound a nobler lay.

ENOUGH; nor shall her tasteless, tuneless song,  
 With scrannel pipe, thy gentle patience wrong.

ROWLEY,  
 June 1759.

J. WOODHOUSE.  
 E L E G Y

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# E L E G Y II.

W R I T T E N T O

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;  
Of the LESSOWES.

**A** RUDE presumptuous muse, uncheck'd,  
More favour'd than she could expect,  
Again replumes her feeble wing,  
And thus, again, essays to sing.

SERENELY smil'd the festal day,  
Inviting to thy shades away ;  
No fable clouds, thro' heav'n's domain,  
With angry frown, foreboded rain ;

No wide-mouth'd EOL, blust'ring loud,  
 To tumults rous'd his factious crowd ;  
 Thin flying vapours veil'd the sun,  
 But soon, unmask'd, he clearly shone :  
 Here, golden lustre free from stains ;  
 There, flitting shadows patch'd the plains.

AND O thou \* steel enchanter, hail !  
 That canst o'er bolts and bars prevail ;  
 Thy magic touch gives free access,  
 Nor leaves occasion to transgress :  
 More I could sing, for more's thy meed ;  
 But now I leave thee, and proceed.  
 FAVONIUS rov'd the shades among,  
 Suffus'd with fragrance and with song ;  
 All jocund play'd his balmy breeze  
 Among the flow'rs, among the trees ;  
 Pilf'ring from each transpiring sweets,  
 Then, with the spoil, each wand'rer greets.

---

\* The key before requested.



Distant the swan, elate and vain,  
 Sail'd stately o'er the wat'ry plain ;  
 His ermin'd breast the pool divides,  
 And, while soft parting from his sides,  
 The widening waves his paths betray,  
 Beneath his oars distending play ;  
 He snorts contempt, his neck he turns,  
 And every feather'd vassal spurns.

THOUGH these delights around me throng,  
 And thousands that remain unsung ;  
 Yet, hapless I ! still doom'd to moan,  
 I found my kind MÆCENAS gone :  
 No friendly partner in my grief,  
 By sympathy to give relief ;  
 Except the weeping fount below \*,  
 (Whose crystal tears for ever flow)

---

\* The weeping, or dripping, well in Virgil's grove.

Which through the verdant lichen crept,  
 And smil'd the more, the more it wept.  
 But let me other woes bemoan,  
 Than what attended me alone.

HERE, ruthless crowds, disdainful bounds,  
 Climb'd o'er thy gates, leap'd all thy mounds;  
 There, pathless lawns and meadows crost,  
 And through the crashing fences burst.  
 Ye Nymphs and Fauns, my wish befriend!  
 Ye Dryads all, assistance lend!  
 Oh! lead them through your mazy shade,  
 To thorns and quivering bogs betray'd.  
 See where yon \* island lifts its head,  
 The boat for social pleasure made,  
 Seiz'd by the same tumultuous band,  
 And driving from its peaceful stand

---

\* In the upper pond near the large beeches.

To break the tender osier's shoots,  
 To bare or bruise its matted roots.  
 Ye Naiads, guardians of these streams,  
 Defend what your protection claims.  
 Ye clouds, pour down your vengeful showers;  
 Let EOL too unite his powers,  
 To raise the storm to heave them o'er,  
 And send them duck'd, half-drown'd, to shore.

EMBRACING here this alder fair,  
 Led by the fost'ring hand of care,  
 A twining woodbine rear'd its head,  
 And, once, mellifluent odour shed;  
 Now sever'd by some trait'rous knife,  
 Lies robb'd of fragrance, verdure, life!  
 Surely such sweetness might assuage  
 The fell assassin's murd'ring rage!  
 What hellish dæmon was his guide  
 To rob thee of thy blooming pride?

May heaviest rains on him descend !  
 No friendly tree its shelter lend !  
 But, from their leafy sides and tops,  
 Drench him with pond'rous, chilling drops !  
 Or, wilder'd in the blackest night,  
 May screaming owls his ears affright !  
 And, if his breast a woodbine bear,  
 May withering mildews blast it there !

WHAT though each avenue thou bar ;  
 Yet insufficient's all thy care :  
 Except thy watchful eye attend,  
 Who shall thy blithesome scenes defend ?  
 Let not thy generous hand refuse  
 This second offering of my muse ;  
 But still thy friendship let me boast,  
 Or—I am in oblivion lost !  
 As PHOEBUS, thy great system's soul,  
 Lights up the orbs that round him roll ;

Let me, though at such distance plac'd,  
 With thy extended ray be blest!  
 My whole ambition is to shine  
 By one reflected beam from thine.

At the Close of June,  
 1759.

J. WOODHOUSE.

---

T O

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

On his INDISPOSITION in the SPRING, 1762.

**Y**E flow'ry plains, ye flogging woods,  
Ye bow'rs, and gay alcoves,  
Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,  
Ye grottos, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,  
Tho' I your charms survey,  
While HE consumes in pain the night,  
In languor all the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,  
A thousand scents diffuse;

Yet



Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,  
In vain display their hues.

Refrain, ye flow'rs, your thoughtful pride,  
Recline your gaudy heads ;  
And, sadly drooping side by side,  
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade  
Your tow'ring summits rear,  
Ah ! why, in wonted charms array'd,  
Appear your leaves so fair ?

But lo ! the flow'rs as gaily smile,  
As wanton waves the tree ;  
And, though I sadly plain the while,  
Yet they regard not me.

Oh ! should the Fates an arrow send,  
And strike the deadly wound ;  
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,  
Who fence your beauties round ?

But hark ! perhaps the plumy throng  
 Have learnt my plaintive tale ;  
 And some sad dirge, or mournful song,  
 Comes floating down the dale.

Ah no ! they chaunt a sprightly strain,  
 To soothe an am'rous mate ;  
 Regardless of my anxious pain,  
 Or his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murm'ring rills  
 With fond repinings rove ;  
 And trickle, wailing, down the hills,  
 Or weep along the grove.

Forbid not, if, beside your stream,  
 You hear me to repine,  
 Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,  
 Or proudly call him, mine.

Ye envious winds, the cause display  
 In whispers, as ye blow ;

Why

Why did your treach'rous gales convey

The poison'd shafts of woe? \*

Did he not plant the shady bow'r,

Where you so blithely meet?

The scented shrub, and fragrant flow'r,

To make your breezes sweet?

And must he leave the wood, the field,

This dear Arcadian reign?

Can neither verse nor virtue shield

The Patron of the plain?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,

Whom all the Muses love?

Who round his brow their laurels twine,

And all his songs approve.

Say, thou that tun'st his warbling lyre,

Say, ruthless Phœbus, why

---

\* The influenza, in the spring 1762, supposed owing to a vicious atmosphere.

Through the parch'd air, this latent fire,

These deadly vapours fly?

Avaunt—ye gods of Pagan days!

Chimeras of the brain!

Avaunt—ye false unmeaning lays;

Like those vain idols, vain!

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!

Our Father, King, and God!

Who clears the paths of life and sense,

Or stops them with a Nod!

Who bids the sun, replete with death,

Roll baneful through the skies!

Or winds, with pestilential breath,

From putrid climes arise!

Blest pow'r! who calm'st the raging deep,

His valu'd health restore!

Nor let the sons of genius weep;

Nor let the good deplore.

But, if thy boundless wisdom knows.

His longer date an ill ;

Let not my soul a wish disclose

To contradict thy will.

For happy needs must be the change

To such a godlike mind ;

To go where kindred spirits range,

Nor leave a wish behind..

And though his earthly scite be grac'd

With pleasures all must love ;

Yet he that form'd it best can taste.

Seraphic joys above.

ROWLEY,  
June 1762.

J. WOODHOUSE.

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# B E N E V O L E N C E,

## An O D E.

Inscribed to my Friends \*.

**L**ET others boast Palladian skill  
The sculptur'd dome to raise;  
To scoop the vale, to swell the hill,  
Or lead the smooth meand'ring rill  
In ever-varying maze;  
To strike the lyre  
With Homer's fire,  
Or Sappho's tender art;  
Or Handel's notes with sweeter strains inspire,

---

\* His two first elegies being seen by some gentlemen and ladies in London in manuscript, they made a small subscription for him; and these were the friends he speaks of.



O'er Phidia's chissel to preside,  
 Or Titian's glowing pencil guide  
 Through ev'ry living part.

Ah! what avails it thus to shine,  
 By ev'ry art refin'd;

Except BENEVOLENCE combine  
 To humanize the mind!

The Parian floor,  
 Or vivid cieling, fresco'd o'er,  
 With glaring charms the gazing eye may fire;  
 Yet may their lords, like statues cold,  
 Devoid of sympathy, behold  
 Fair worth with penury depress'd,  
 Or indigence expire;  
 Nor ever know the noblest use of gold.

'Tis yours, with sympathetic breast  
 To stop the rising sigh,  
 And wipe the tearful eye,  
 Nor let repining merit sue unblest:  
 This is a more applausive taste

Than

Than spending wealth  
In gorgeous waste,  
Or with dire luxury destroying health ;  
It sweetens life with ev'ry virtuous joy,  
And wings the conscious hours with gladness as they fly.

S P R I N G.

---

# S P R I N G.

**T**HE fun (whose animating fires  
With flow'rs bedeck the dale)  
With joy the herd and flock inspires,  
With music fills the gale.

Yet he renews his warmth in vain,  
With flow'rets scents the ground ;  
The lambkins gambol o'er the plain,  
And songsters chant around.

To me, in vain does nature smile,  
In vain her charms display ;  
Whilst I, with never-ending toil,  
Consume the lengthen'd day.

Time was I've trod the velvet green,  
 That rob'd the quick'ning earth,  
 And ey'd the universal scene,  
 And mark'd each flow'ret's birth.

Mark'd where the snow-drop's silver crest  
 Shot forth his daring head,  
 And where the violet's sapphire vest  
 Its fragrant incense shed.

Not with unawful, thankless gaze  
 Survey'd fair nature's face,  
 The tow'ring heights, the solar blaze,  
 The vast ætherial space.

(For who that views this wond'rous frame,  
 Replete with beauty shine,  
 But must with ecstasy proclaim  
 The plastic power divine ?)

Oft,

Oft in the deep sequester'd shade,  
 From care and business free,  
 Have fought the muses sprightly aid,  
 And sung to liberty.

Oft, by some fountain laid along,  
 Melting in downy ease,  
 With raptures heard the woodland song,  
 And breath'd the scented breeze.

Oft, stretch'd beneath the mountain's brow,  
 Screen'd from the mid-day gleams,  
 Have pass'd the hours, unheeding how,  
 Lost in romantic dreams.

And oft, with sweet Benevolence,  
 That heaven-descended fair !  
 Have sacrific'd the sweets of sense,  
 Sublimer joys to share.

Oft forc'd the thickest thorny shade ;  
 Oft climb'd the shaggy hill,  
 Explor'd each tuft, each mossy glade,  
 And trac'd the mazy rill ;

With care to cull each healing plant,  
 To hoard the balmy store,  
 That where a dire disease, or want,  
 Invade the friendless poor ;

There to dispense their cheering aids  
 Through each distressful cot,  
 Where feeble swains, or pallid maids,  
 Bemoan'd their dreary lot.

But, ah ! the herbs, the flowers, I seek  
 With curious eye no more ;  
 No more they flush the haggard cheek,  
 Or blooming health restore.

Loſt now their uſe, their healing art,  
 Now where they bloom they die ;  
 No healthful tincture they impart,  
 No cordial draught ſupply.

Oft with my Daphne in my arms,  
 The hours in tranſports flew,  
 Comparing her engaging charms  
 With all fair nature drew.

For now domeſtick cares employ,  
 And buſy ev'ry ſenſe,  
 Nor leave one hour of grief or joy,  
 But's furniſh'd out from thence :

Save what my little babes afford,  
 Whom I behold with glee,  
 When ſmiling at my humble board,  
 Or prattling on my knee.



Not that my Daphne's charms are flown,

These still new pleasures bring ;

'Tis these inspire content alone,

'Tis all I've left of Spring.

The dew-drop sparkling in her eye,

The lily on her breast,

The rose-buds on her lips supply

My rich, my sweet repast.

Her hair outshines the saffron morn ;

To her harmonious note

The thrush sits list'ning on the thorn,

And checks his swelling throat.

Nor wish I, dear connubial state,

To break thy filken bands ;

I only blame relentless fate,

That ev'ry hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,  
 Which endless wants impose;  
 But—oh ! it wounds my soul to hear  
 My Daphne's melting woes !

Ixion like, her fate she moans,  
 Whose wheel rolls ceaseless round;  
 While hollow sighs, and doleful groans,  
 Fill all the dark profound.

For oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,  
 And hangs her pensive head;  
 While blood her furrow'd fingers steeps,  
 And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold,  
 Our labours are begun;  
 And when he streaks the west with gold,  
 The task is still undone.

How happy is each beast and bird,  
 Who find their food unfought,  
 Who feast at nature's courteous board,  
 Without one anxious thought.

The beasts in freedom range the fields,  
 Nor care, nor sorrow know;  
 Their meat the tender herbage yields,  
 The springs their drink bestow.

Each hour the birds, with sprightly voice,  
 In rival songs contend;  
 Or o'er their bounteous meals rejoice,  
 Or in fond dalliance spend.

But foresight warns me not to taste  
 The bliss which heav'n design'd;  
 But joyless all my nights to waste,  
 To shun more woes behind.

Oh!

Oh! why within this tortur'd heart,  
 Must keen reflection dwell?  
 To double ev'ry present smart,  
 And future pains foretel?

But, oh my soul! no longer blame  
 That lot which Heav'n decreed;  
 Who made this universal frame,  
 By Him the choice was made.

But rather, with true filial fear,  
 Adore the present God;  
 And his paternal stripes revere,  
 And kiss his healing rod.

No more his pow'r shall be withstood,  
 No more oppos'd his will;  
 Nor let what wisdom meant for good,  
 My folly construe ill.

Who knows but liberty and wealth

Might work a woeful change ;

Ease and excess impair my health,

Or virtuous thoughts estrange ?

What I dislike, God gives in love,

In love my fruit denies ;

Or oft my wish my bane might prove,

My bliss what I despise.

Then let not my presumptuous mind

Oppose his love or might ;

For well has moral POPE defin'd,

“ Whatever is, is right.”

Though now with penury oppress'd,

I give my sorrows vent,

He soon may calm my troubled breast,

Or sooth my discontent.

Come,

Come, Reason, then, bid murm'ring cease,  
 And intellectual strife !  
 Come, smiling Hope, and dove-ey'd Peace,  
 And still the storms of life.

My little skiff, kind Pilots! steer  
 Adown the stream of time ;  
 And teach me, melancholic fear,  
 And dark distrust's a crime.

For has not truth's unerring Sire,  
 Who all our wants must know,  
 Proclaim'd what nature can require,  
 His bounty shall bestow ?

He feeds the birds that wing their flight  
 Along the passive air ;  
 And lilies bloom in glossy white  
 Beneath his fost'ring care.

Nor accident, nor fate, recalls  
 The life that He has lent ;  
 For not a single sparrow falls  
 Without his full assent.

Shou'd Poverty's oppressivè train,  
 Still haunt my lowly cell,  
 Yet Faith shall smile away my pain,  
 And all their threat'nings quell.

For when through Ether's boundless space,  
 This orb terrene has run  
 A few more times his annual race,  
 Wide circling round the sun ;

Or, haply, ere the day be past,  
 And evening's shades descend,  
 My weary'd heart may pant its last,  
 And all my sorrows end :

Then



Then shall the disembodied soul  
 Resign her dark domain,  
 And range where countless systems roll,  
 And springs eternal reign.

Yet not in solitude to soar ;  
 But, with a kindred band,  
 The pow'r and wisdom to explore  
 Of her Creator's hand.

Or, with her tuneful pow'rs complete,  
 To chaunt the bliss above ;  
 Or, in ecstatic notes, repeat  
 Her dear Redeemer's love !

---

T H E

L E S S O W E S.

A P O E M.

ONCE more, O SHENSTONE ! my advent'rous muse  
Attempts to sing ; nor thou the song refuse.

No child of fancy, no poetic dream,  
But thy Arcadia is her pleasing theme ;  
A theme which oft has wak'd her rustic lyre,  
Has warm'd her breast with more than vulgar fire ;  
Yet has she only sung thy fair domains,  
These first inspir'd her rude, unpractis'd strains.

As the young bird, that hops from spray to spray,  
Unskill'd as yet to swell its rural lay,  
The little flights she took betray'd her fear,  
Nor dar'd she trust the pathless fields of air :

'Till

'Till, gath'ring strength, a longer flight she tries,  
 And all thy Paradise, with wonder, eyes.  
 Yet, doubtful still, she spreads her tender wing,  
 Despairing, with her heedless notes, to sing  
 The various-pleasing scenes that round her throng,  
 Foiling the pencil and the pow'r of song.  
 But why despair? On SHENSTONE's love rely,  
 He marks thy faults with smiling candor's eye;  
 Will with his judgment's subtle fires refine,  
 Smooth ev'ry rough, and nerve each lab'ring line.  
 Fir'd with the charming hope thy task pursue,  
 Do thou, like him who Beauty's Goddess drew,  
 Sketch the rude outlines of these fairy bow'rs,  
 The trees, the buildings, landscapes, fountains, flow'rs;  
 But, aw'd with charms where all attempts must fail,  
 Over their matchless beauties throw a veil.

FIRST, o'er a flow'ry lawn my muse descend,  
 Where nodding cowslips o'er the herbage bend;

Or now, enwrapp'd in solemn shades, beside  
 The fringed margin of a smiling tide,  
 Where headlong woods inverted seem to rise,  
 Tow'ring their branches towards the nether skies :  
 See, in the grove's extremest southern bound,  
 A gloomy grotto sunk in shades profound,  
 In fullen state, with roots and moss inwrought,  
 Dispensing awe, the nurse of sober thought,  
 Which stedfast gazing, on her arm reclin'd,  
 To contemplation calls the wand'ring mind.

As void of charms the mine salutes the eye,  
 Yet in its womb rich sparkling diamonds lie ;  
 So these rude roofs far brighter gems unfold,  
 That ought to shine emboss'd with burnish'd gold ;  
 For in this grot may ev'ry eye discern  
 Those sacred truths which ev'ry heart should learn ;  
 The truths in SIENSTONE's moral heart pourtray'd,  
 And copy'd by his muse beneath this shade.

HENCE, o'er the oft-resounding road I roam,  
 That leads to SHENSTONE's hospitable dome;  
 There first the eye the sylvan reign surveys,  
 Where flamm'ring streams, and warbling woodlands, please.

Now seated in a flower-enamel'd vale\*,  
 Where fanning Aufter breathes a fresh'ning gale,  
 And sighs through whisp'ring leaves, and sips the springs,  
 To ease his panting breath, and cool his sun-burnt wings;  
 Here, on a sudden, gurgling murmurs rise,  
 Their source unseen, to strike with more surprize;  
 Till gushing floods from their close prison loose,  
 Empty their treasure through the op'ning sluice;  
 And o'er the ragged rocks, with spangling bound,  
 Scatter the ten fold torrent all around.

FROM hence the riv'let undisturbed strays,  
 And under bending boughs of alder plays;

\* The valley leading to the priory.

Where speckled ofiers rise in painted ranks,  
And pine, and chefnut, shade the upper banks.

AND now, behold ! a lovely landscape nigh \*,  
Whose complicated beauties charm the eye ;  
Where rising hills are deck'd with ev'ry grace,  
And spacious pools supply the middle space,  
There a tall spire its lofty fummit rears,  
Proud to be seen, in various views appears.

Now, where the plane expands its ample leaves,  
And mingling sprays the almond willow weaves ;  
The grot † and stream, with branchy trees o'erhung,  
And GREY's illustrious name, demand the song.  
Nor sparkling fossil here, nor pearly shell,  
Nor slabs of marble ornament the cell ;

\* Looking from below the priory to Hales-Owen.

† Inscribed to Lord Stamford.



But rugged roots, uncouth, in rustic rows,  
 With tufted moss, the edifice compose.  
 Yet who this humble grot contemptuous scorns,  
 While STAMFORD'S name the striking scene adorns?  
 Or this fair fountain, which, from secret source,  
 Through distant groves begins its shining course?  
 For o'er the rocks, through oaks and hazels tall,  
 Like sheets of liquid silver see it fall:  
 And now a moment from the eye conceal'd;  
 And now again in curling waves reveal'd;  
 Again it's hid, again it freely shoots  
 O'er craggy stones; and intersecting roots;  
 Now from another eminence it starts;  
 Now o'er another, and another, darts;  
 Till, stretch'd in one continuous cascade,  
 It foams, and glimmers, down the pleasing shade.  
 The skipping nymphs in blithsome mood advance;  
 And Naiads in conjunction frisk the dance;  
 While, to the trilling streams, the Dryad band,  
 With Fauns, and Satyrs, gambol o'er the strand.



O THOU, the lord of Enville's noble feat,  
 Where all is beauty, elegantly great;  
 The patron of those temples, streams and groves,  
 Which, fix'd with wonder, ev'ry taste approves;  
 Disdain not this applauded grot and spring,  
 That might adorn the walks of Britain's king.

HENCE, wand'ring on, with joy-dilated heart,  
 See! through the trees a well-wrought statue start\*,  
 His finish'd muscles all replete with life!  
 With shrill and warbling notes he swells his pipe;  
 For fancy's ear can trace th' unreal sound,  
 And hear from hills ærial tones rebound.

A MOMENT here, my muse, thy steps retard,  
 Nor pass unnotic'd by the gen'rous bard;  
 Who, free from fordid views of future pelf,  
 With rich donations crown'd my scanty shelf;

\* A piping Faunus, seen from the lower end of the valley near a bower, inscribed to Mr. Doddsley.

Replenish'd now with many a bounteous tome,  
 Prime decoration of my rustic dome !  
 Nor wilt thou, DODSLEY, with unfeeling pride,  
 These genuine strains of gratitude deride ;  
 Although thy name may boast so bright a dow'r,  
 Th' adopted guardian of this beauteous bow'r.

FOR native genius fires thy glowing mind,  
 And ev'ry muse and ev'ry virtue join'd ;  
 With jealous warmth conspiring, all contest  
 The happy empire of thy noble breast :  
 And fortune o'er thy labours deigns to smile,  
 Kindly rewarding all thy care and toil.

WHERE yonder hazel-twigs their foliage spread,  
 Fit dormitory for poetic dead !  
 Upon that argent urn appears enroll'd,  
 With splendid epitaph, in types of gold,  
 The name of SOMERVILLE ; whose winged muse,  
 With panting speed, the bounding flag pursues.

BUT not an uninstruſtive tale alone  
 Could ever gain that monumental ſtone;  
 For nought but merit SHENSTONE's friendſhip gains;  
 A vicious writer ne'er his voice obtains;  
 And, though he ſcarce unmeaning folly blames,  
 Ingenious vice his ſhudd'ring ſoul diſclaims.  
 Theſe honours by judicious SHENSTONE paid,  
 Much-valued SOMERVILLE, to thy dear ſhade,  
 Proclaim thy right to the immortal bays,  
 Though I ne'er ſaw thy much applauded lays.

FOR fortune wreaks on me her utmoſt ſpight,  
 And ſeeks to rob me of that true delight,  
 Which I in conſtant queſt of knowledge find,  
 The ſweet reviver of a penſive mind.  
 But not alike are fortune's favourites found;  
 For he who plann'd this fair Heſperian round,  
 Griev'd that one ſpark of genius ſhould expire,  
 With pleaſure ſtrung my weak, diſcordant lyre;  
 Nor deafly heard me learning's want repine,  
 But, from his copious literary mine,

To ease my mourning muse's discontent,  
 Full many a glowing volume frankly lent ;  
 Nor spurn'd me scornful from his social board,  
 With frugal bounty hospitably stor'd ;  
 Where oft my soul in reverie has hung  
 On the smooth accents of his tuneful tongue ;  
 While his bright fancy, borne on wing sublime,  
 By judgment guided, rapidly would climb  
 The heights of truth, with arguments refin'd,  
 To purest sense a happy diction join'd :  
 Oft have I felt their intellectual force,  
 And quaff'd the streams of genius at their source ;  
 Ah ! while these filken-pinion'd moments flew,  
 I, then, nor freedom's want, nor fortune's, knew.

Now, when a copse of crowding oaks aspire,  
 The loit'ring muse's tardy steps retire :  
 Attaining now the grove's ascending verge,  
 Where op'ning fields invite her to emerge ;

'Till

'Till, on the feat contiguous stretch'd at ease,  
She all the scene \* with raptur'd eye surveys.

BEFORE the view appears another urn,  
Suggesting truths vain man is loth to learn ;  
In silent precepts to each sober sense,  
With more than Ciceronian eloquence,  
The tacit monitor, with dumb address,  
Proclaims what ev'ry mortal must confess ;  
That ruthless death dissolves each tender tie,  
That dearest brothers——dearest friends, must die :  
For weeping numbers there commemorate  
A brother's sorrow for a brother's fate.

THE muse, obsequious, turns to take the view,  
Where op'ning woodlands form an avenue ;  
Whose charms peculiar, cross a verdant mead,  
The curious eye with soft enticements lead,

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\* A view of the priory, and an urn to Mr. SHENSTONE's brother.

To view a priory of Gothic mien,  
 Where antique graces solemnize the scene.  
 Scenes well adopted to a gloomy fest,  
 Who nature's laws would rigidly correct ;  
 As if a life recluse, inglorious ease,  
 A God who form'd us sociable, could please :  
 From lawless pleasures let but man refrain,  
 He dooms no one to misery and pain.

MISTAKEN mortals ! can Almighty love,  
 Laws, which its goodness ne'er impos'd, approve ?  
 Did he vouchsafe man's appetites in vain ?  
 Or, what's far worse, the certain cause of pain ?  
 Man seldom errs when nature is his guide,  
 But oftentimes through ignorance and pride.  
 While we behold the earth with food replete,  
 And God pronounces, " Ye may freely eat :"  
 Will the permission follow'd give offence ?  
 Or is he better pleas'd with abstinence ?



Shall we with hunger obstinately pine,  
In hopes to please beneficence divine?

DID He not give the breast its warm desires,  
And objects fair to fan those am'rous fires?  
When Eve rose perfect from his plastic hand,  
"Increase and multiply" was his command:  
Yet not, like brutes, without restraint to range  
Through all the species, ever prone to change.  
Omniscient wisdom, when this appetite  
Was plac'd in man to minister delight,  
Implanted love's fix'd bound'ry in the soul,  
Its vagrant inclinations to controul.

NOR were man's various senses e'er design'd  
To be in endless solitude confin'd:  
Must he from harmless sweets of sense refrain,  
And what was meant for pleasure turn to pain?  
And must the longing palate seldom eat  
Diminutive repasts of coarsest meat?



Then were the apple's flavor void of use,  
 The plum, and turgid grape's nectareous juice.  
 And must the baffled nostrils only smell  
 The musty vapours of a cobweb'd cell?  
 Then were these flowrets scatter'd here in vain,  
 In vain the odours of the thymy plain.

AGAIN returns my unambitious muse,  
 With rapture sweet her wonted theme pursues;  
 \* Now stops a while beneath the shepherd's bush,  
 Where, softer than the sprightly-warbling thrush,  
 Or lark exalted on her matin wing,  
 Or the joint chorus of the vocal spring,  
 My SHENSTONE tunes his soft symphonious lyre,  
 While moral virtues all his mind inspire,  
 And innocence, descendant of the sky,  
 Displays her beauties to his mental eye.

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\* Vid. DODSLEY's Misc. vol. v. p. 13.

YE gaudy sons of false perverted taste,  
 Whose giddy moments fly in joyless waste,  
 Leave your light gewgaws and the thoughtless throng;  
 And mark his simple sentimental song;  
 Attend his soothing, his impassion'd lay,  
 And hear each weak solicitude away.

COULD ORPHEUS' numbers tame each barb'rous brute,  
 Or old Amphion strike his magic lute,  
 Till senseless stones obey'd the pow'rful call,  
 And in strict order form'd the Theban wall?  
 Shall then my SHENSTONE's more bewitching strain  
 Attempt the cause of innocence in vain?  
 No, his instructive numbers must impart  
 A tender impulse to each tutor'd heart;  
 Nay, every rustic bosom, even mine,  
 Feels all their rapt'ring energy divine;  
 For every bold enthusiastic flight,  
 With natural ease and harmony unite;

And

And gentle art, conjoin'd with utmost skill,  
 Attune the passions, captivate the will;  
 Till all the thoughts in thrilling measure move,  
 And all the soul's sublim'd to innocence and love.

OH, innocence! thou lovely meek-cy'd maid,  
 Who haunt'st this peaceful, this sequester'd shade;  
 Thou fairest nymph! in virtue's, SHENSTONE's, train,  
 Oh! fly not me, a poor plebeian swain,  
 While underneath this willow's waving boughs,  
 Before thy shrine I breathe my fervent vows;  
 Tho' abject poverty's thy votary's lot,  
 Yet oft thou deign'st to glad the lowliest cot;  
 Then, oh! attend me to my rural cell,  
 And with thy suppliant vouchsafe to dwell:  
 Thy mild associate too, contentment, bring,  
 And raise my lowly lot above a king;  
 For ye can more than wealth and honours give,  
 And make me happy, if I die, or live.

WHILE elevated with the cordial hope,  
 My placid muse ascends the winding slope,  
 Where dark-green firs the upper part inclose,  
 And, rang'd in form, an octagon compose ;  
 And a fair seat within the central space,  
 Of correspondent shape, adorns the place ;  
 Whence the eye wanders over boundless scenes  
 Of dusky woodlands and extensive plains,  
 Beyond the vast Sabrina's rolling tides,  
 Where the huge Clees \* distend their turgid sides,  
 Approaching near old craggy Cambria's bound,  
 With frequent fogs and misty meteors crown'd.

THERE, like Olympus, see the Wreekin † rise,  
 Whose brow stupendous meets the bending skies ;  
 Enwrapt in azure mantle proudly stands,  
 A mighty gnomon o'er Salopian lands !

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\* High hills in Shropshire.

† Another hill in Shropshire.

SEE yonder, more distinct, before your eyes  
 The lovely scite of ENVILLE's villa rise,  
 Where, interspers'd with lawns of living green,  
 Its waving woods and bright alcoves are seen;  
 Embosom'd in whose shades the waters sleep,  
 Or toss their tides o'er many a stony sleep.

WHILE near my feet, by tasteful SHENSTONE led,  
 A limpid lake dissects the verdant mead  
 With scollop'd sides, that now, with peaceful breast,  
 Receives the image of the skies impress;  
 While silver-fringed vapours glide below,  
 And mimic suns in nether regions glow:  
 Now breathes a rustling zephyr o'er the glades,  
 And ev'ry fair celestial object fades;  
 But soon again subsides the tranquil stream,  
 And o'er its bosom brighter glories gleam.

SUCH is the state of virtue's votaries here;  
 Now, undisturb'd by accident or fear,

They boast each blest idea from above,  
 Whose reflect rays beneficence and love,  
 Beam back on man, to sooth each pungent smart,  
 Or warmth transfuse through each congenial heart:  
 And now, by passion's or misfortune's blast,  
 They see her lovely image quite effac'd ;  
 But soon a calm returns, and all's serene,  
 And she resumes her gladsome smiles again.  
 Virtue can each rough incident controul,  
 And lay the ruffled passions of the soul ;  
 Mild chearfulness diffusing o'er the face,  
 Love, through the heart, for all the human race.  
 So SHENSTONE feels the heav'n-descended dame  
 Breathe through his soul her animating flame ;  
 Inspiring ev'ry intellectual sense,  
 In the fair form of sweet Benevolence.

FOR here, behold this antiquated jar  
 'The secret impulse of his soul declare.

But



But these dull types can never half impart  
 The strong expressions of his noble heart ;  
 For his large breast not only comprehends  
 His fond acquaintance, or his fonder friends ;  
 Nor, with affection's more unbounded plan,  
 Grasping alone the kindred race of man ;  
 For not a beast that loves the genial spring,  
 And not a bird that mounts on plummy wing,  
 Insect, or reptile, but a share may find  
 Of fellow-feeling from his tender mind.

HAPPY the man whose will is thus subdu'd  
 Within the bounds of moral rectitude ;  
 Whose bosom never burns with envious fires,  
 Nor, fraught with spleen, a brother's ill desires ;  
 Whose undisguised heart sincerely greets,  
 With honest welcome, ev'ry man he meets ;  
 Though he salute not all with equal glee,  
 Yet all or share his love, or charity.



Just farther on a copse of alder shoots \*,  
 With tap'ring stems, from intertwining roots ;  
 Which, crawling, naked on the surface grow,  
 That once conceal'd their shapeless limbs below ;  
 Till undermining springs, with treach'rous toil,  
 Loosen'd with horrid rage the upper soil,  
 While Gnomes and Dryads, with a piteous tale,  
 Bemoan'd it floating down the distant dale.

UPON a terrace green a fair alcove  
 Appears, beside the margin of the grove,  
 In Gothic form ; beneath an oaken shade,  
 A prospect yielding o'er a verdant glade.

IN idiom obsolete, and types of yore †,  
 Beneath the roof, in soft persuasive lore,  
 In wonted strains, mellifluent SHENSTONE sings  
 His love of innocence, and lawns, and springs ;

\* A small distance from Halfpeny-hill.

† Vid. DODSLEY'S Misc. vol. iv. p. 347.

While, in sweet echoes to his warbling voice,  
 The nodding woods and smiling hills rejoice ;  
 And taunt in silence the bewild'ring sports,  
 Of bustling cities and delusive courts.  
 See on yon plain, with barren heath o'erspread,  
 Yielding nor flow'r, nor fruit, nor friendly shade,  
 (Emblems of immorality and vice)  
 By DUDLEY's care, a sacred Temple rise \* ;  
 Heav'n grant the Word there sown increase may yield,  
 And turn the Desert to a fruitful Field !

LET abject minds, with vain self-glory fill'd,  
 The huge rotund, or stately column, build ;  
 'Tis thine, great DUDLEY WARD ! with noble flame,  
 To rear the dome to thy Creator's name ;  
 Not aim'd alone to catch the gazing sight,  
 But to illumine the mind with heav'nly light.

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\* A chapel, building on an eminence just beyond Dudley-wood, by subscription, under the patronage of Lord DUDLEY WARD, who is the chief contributor.

EXCURSIVE now, the muse directs her way  
 Where purling rills with prattling pastime play ;  
 And, roving underneath an alder shade,  
 In louder murmurs fall a clear cascade ;  
 Then, sunk beneath the flow'ry surface, roam,  
 In secret channel, down to SHENSTONE'S dome ;  
 Where, spouting pure through many a brazen sluice,  
 Dispense their streams for culinary use ;  
 Or, when Sol rages with the canine star,  
 Their cooling waves refresh the sickly air,  
 Or fall in tuneful measure soft and clear,  
 And lull with liquid lapse the list'ning ear ;  
 Or else dilute their owner's generous wines,  
 Or yield a tepid draught whene'er he dines.  
 Ye loathsome reptiles, which the waters haunt,  
 From these pure riv'lets, gliding snakes, avaunt ;  
 Shew not your sable, forked, quiv'ring tongue,  
 Nor, hissing, draw your crooked length along ;  
 Approach not here your burning thirst to slake,  
 But fly remote to some sequester'd lake ;

And

And ye that croak in fwol'n, unfightly shape,  
 With noxious newts, a filthy race, escape;  
 Stretch not your frightful limbs upon these brinks,  
 Nor dare to foul the streams which SHENSTONE drinks;  
 Or, if they dare approach, ye Naiads, turn,  
 Each, on their ugly backs a brimful urn;  
 While dash'd precipitate on distant strands,  
 They breathless sprawl beneath your vengeful hands.

YE fossils, ye corroborative ores,  
 Blend with these lucid tides your strengthening stores;  
 In one continu'd stratum form their bed,  
 And through each wave your cordial atoms spread.

FAIR flow'rs that on the painted margin bloom,  
 From halefome Zephyrs pilfer each perfume;  
 Then all your sweet collected spoils dispense,  
 Through ev'ry drop a balmy quintessence;  
 And thus, with health suffus'd, each pain assuage,  
 'Till SHENSTONE reach the date of Nestor's age.

By a tall fence, where cglantines are found,  
 And alders rise, with honey-suckles bound ;  
 So fond their tendrils round their bridegrooms twin'd,  
 They press their substance through the yielding rind,  
 Whose hanging heads a thousand blossoms bend,  
 That, to each breeze, a thousand odours lend :  
 The muse retires ; and now her footsteps reach  
 The spreading branches of a lofty beech ;  
 Through matted grass, its sturdy trunk beside,  
 In channel deep, flow-moving waters glide ;  
 Across whose banks a boarded bridge is laid,  
 And motto'd seat, that woe her to the shade ;  
 'Tis HORACE sings beneath this lovely tree ;  
 He sings ; but, ah ! in barb'rous lays to me ;  
 But, though in silence these dumb strains appear,  
 Yet I in other notes the numbers hear ;  
 For SHENSTONE touch'd them with his magic hand,  
 And made them speak, and made me understand.

OH, happy HORACE ! happy in thy muse !  
 And happier still the Gods did not refuse  
 Thy potent prayer ! All would like thee complain,  
 Could all, like thee, their favour'd wish obtain.

No longer then I'd pine a landless boor,  
 Nor trudge through floughs around a rented door,  
 In ruffet garb, whose ragged rent-holes grin,  
 And ill conceal the skeleton within :  
 Nor heavy hours in listless labour waste ;  
 Nor with coarse viands pall my blunted taste ;  
 Nor ken unornamented murkey walls ;  
 Nor join the chorus of domestic brawls ;  
 Nor lend an ear to leaden senseless chat,  
 Or the shrill clamours of each squalling brat :  
 Nor wish I sceptre, diadem, and throne,  
 But, HORACE-like, a vill and farm my own ;  
 To range among my lawns, my streams, my trees,  
 Such as he wish'd ; or, rather, such as these :

Or,



Or, in deep meditation stretch'd along,  
 I'd court the muses with a sylvan song ;  
 Or hear, in beamy morn, the sprightly airs  
 Of blushing milkmaid, as she brisk repairs,  
 In snow-white pail to press the juicy teat ;  
 Or oxen low ; or frisky lambkins bleat ;  
 Or hear, when ev'ning o'er the mountain gleams,  
 The faunt'ring plough-boys whistle home their teams ;  
 Or mellow blackbird sing departing day,  
 Or flitting woodlark trill the light away.

Nor should my table smoke with dainty meats,  
 But clean and wholesome be my chearful treats ;  
 With faithful friends encircled, there I'd sit,  
 To scan with judgment works of taste and wit.  
 Would bounteous heav'n my whole petition give,  
 Like thee, O SHENSTONE ! would I wish to live.

But since our wishes ease not present smart,  
 But sink misfortunes deeper in the heart ;



Nor can my warmest hopes my mind beguile,  
 To fancy here an end of care and toil ;  
 I'll live resign'd to my depressed fate,  
 And wing my wishes to a future state.

FROM hence I pass, where, rising from the sod,  
 The shining tussock's yellow blossoms nod.  
 And now a lofty hazel hedge-row trace,  
 At whose extreme a pond's resplendent face  
 Surrounds within the central part an isle,  
 On whose round summit golden fallows smile ;  
 Where, brooding in the midst, on downy nest  
 The stately gander rears his crimson crest ;  
 And round and round encircling all the stream,  
 With warlike mien, and many a whooting scream,  
 A faithful centinel ! he threat'ning swims,  
 To combat danger from the neighbouring brims ;  
 Nor once abandons the defenceless brood,  
 To perish thro' neglect, or want of food.

BUT men, more ruthless than the feather'd fowls,  
 Or savage beast that thro' the desert howls,  
 From want of care, or industry, resign  
 Their tender mates, or let their offspring pine,  
 Regardless of a wife's convulsive throes,  
 Or lisping infant's supplicating woes.

THERE, at a distance, stranded on the shore,  
 Its edge with argent flourish chequer'd o'er,  
 A pleasure-boat distains the redd'ning tides,  
 With bright reflexions from its sanguine sides;  
 While on its head a pictur'd halcyon stands,  
 In glossy plumage, o'er the sedge-wove strands.

BESIDE the lake a clump of trees extend  
 Their length'ning arms, and o'er the waters bend,  
 A mighty shade, of oak and beech compos'd,  
 While in the midst a regal tree inclos'd,  
 With pride supports the honour'd name of SPENCE,  
 Bright sun of learning, candour, wit, and sense!

Who,

Who, tho' he bears the critic's awful name,  
 Vouchsafes to all their rightful share of fame ;  
 Tho' pride or dulness ne'er obtain his praise,  
 He deigns to smile on meritorious lays ;  
 And Crispin's numbers are to him as dear  
 As equal merit in a prince or peer.

His gentle mind can relish more delight  
 In placing beauties in the fairest light,  
 Than painting blemishes in odious hue,  
 Glaring and obvious to dark envy's view.

Now thro' fair walks and shades inscrib'd to love,  
 Led by the muse, my lagging footsteps move ;  
 Where arching sprays their softest umbrage shed,  
 And flow'rs and grass a painted carpet spread ;  
 And riv'lets, murm'ring down the winding glade,  
 In little cat'racts harmonize the shade ;  
 Where, underneath a beech's fair retreat,  
 To lovers dear an assignation seat,

Involv'd in lonely shades appears obscure,  
 Where am'rous shepherds, free from thoughts impure,  
 Swell with their tender vows the fleeting wind,  
 Or print them fighting on the polish'd rind;  
 Or with their boxen pipes, at ev'ning hour,  
 Invite their nymphs to this sequester'd bow'r ;  
 Or, side by side, each faithful tongue imparts  
 The simple dictates of their guileless hearts.

O YE, whose bosoms burn with lawless fire,  
 Hence from these consecrated groves retire ;  
 Your talk obscene let other shades attend,  
 Nor here your time in wanton dalliance spend :  
 May certain vengeance wait that wayward swain,  
 Who, impious, dares these hallow'd haunts profane !

SEE dogwood spread its milk-white umbells there,  
 And spiring frutex conic blossoms bear ;  
 While here, with lighter tints, the trees among,  
 Libernums shine, with golden tresses hung,

That

That proudly flaunt upon the dangling spray,  
 As round their blooms the am'rous breezes play ;  
 For blandly here the lisping zephyrs rove,  
 But leave their ruder blasts behind the grove ;  
 And, like fond fearful lovers, trembling sip  
 The breathing fragrance of each honey'd lip.

AWHILE the charming beauties please the eye,  
 But soon, too soon, the charming beauties die.  
 Such, such was fair MARIA ! Nymphs behold  
 This glittering urn \*, bespread with leafy gold ;  
 Nor only gaze, but lend a list'ning ear,  
 And drop beside her urn one forrowing tear.  
 Who can refrain? while plaintive mottoes tell,  
 MARIA's gone, and SHENSTONE sighs—farewell !  
 And, wailing by, the sympathizing stream  
 In mournful murmurs echoes to the theme.

\* In the lovers walk.

“ Ah! beauty’s frail!” MARIA’S aches say,  
 Attend their speech, ye nymphs, that pass this way.  
 “ Tho’ fresher now than daisies in the dale,  
 “ To-morrow ye may droop as lilies pale;  
 “ Tho’ sweeter now than show’ry spring your breath,  
 “ This ev’ning it may feel the taint of death:  
 “ Tho’ brighter now your eye than dew-drop glows,  
 “ This hour that eye eternally may close;  
 “ Tho’ all your lovely frame with beauty shine,  
 “ It soon must moulder in the tomb, like mine;  
 “ And if the fates delay the final wound,  
 “ Time strews the head with hoary locks around,  
 “ And dims the eye, and wrinkles o’er the face,  
 “ Destroys each sprightly look, each moving grace;  
 “ Short and precarious too is beauty’s date,  
 “ By time soon tarnish’d, or destroy’d by fate:  
 “ Then fix your chiefest care, ye gentle maids,  
 “ On that which never dies, which never fades;  
 “ Which accident and destiny disarms,  
 “ And heightens all your graces, all your charms;

“Creates



“ Creates those pleasures that can never cloy,  
 “ And gives a greater gust to every joy ;  
 “ Can wound each heart without the sense of pain,  
 “ And fix your conquest o’er some worthy swain ;  
 “ And make your offspring, like yourselves, impart  
 “ The truest pleasure to each eye and heart.  
 “ Virtue, ye fair! can only here bestow  
 “ The zest of pleasure, and the balm of woe ;  
 And when you sink beneath a weight of years,  
 Will waft your parting soul to brighter spheres ;  
 “ And if, like me, ye quit this mortal stage,  
 “ In bloom of beauty and the spring of age,  
 “ Some urn, like mine, your mem’ry may prolong,  
 “ Or that more lasting monument—a song!”

FROM hence the muse a spiral path ascends \*,  
 That thro’ thick woodlands, frequent curving, bends ;  
 And now a feat her panting steps attain,  
 Where SHENSTONE’S dome adorns the op’ning plain ;

---

\* Leading from the lovers walk up into the wood.



And, cloath'd in golden blooms, a furze-blown field,  
 And burnish'd waters, all the prospect gild ;  
 And now again, secluded from the day,  
 Along the pendent copse she winds her way.

AND now a mighty vista strikes the view, \*  
 Deceptive narrowing all the woodland through ;  
 Yet not from ev'ry rule of nature swerves,  
 Its base descends or heaves in swelling curves ;  
 Where tow'ring trees assail the sapphire sky,  
 While on their tops the panting breezes die ;  
 Where cherry-trees, arrang'd in right-lin'd rows,  
 On either side their grizzled trunks oppose ;  
 And from their spreading tops profusely strow  
 A bloomy show'r o'er all the walk below ;  
 And silver-rinded birches shine between,  
 And mountain-ash with clust'ring blooms is seen :

---

\* The right-lined walk in the wood.

While in the center of the happy grove,  
 With gothic front, appears a fair alcove \* ;  
 Where o'er a terrace bursts a flood of light ;  
 And striking landscapes rush upon the sight.

THERE, like Titanian twins, not distant far,  
 Gigantic Walton † mounts the cumber'd air ;  
 And tree-crown'd Clent ‡ seems swell'd with conscious pride  
 That beauteous Hagley § decks its western side.  
 Here a broad lake || illuminates the vale,  
 And there Hales-Owen stretches o'er the dale ;  
 And rural domes o'erlook their subject farms,  
 Where damask'd meads display their various charms ;  
 Plash'd hedge-rows trim are stuck with branchless trees,  
 Where corn-fields wave before the whisp'ring breeze ;

\* Alcove in the wood.

† Walton hill.

‡ Clent hill.

§ Hagley park.

|| Hales-Owen mill-pool.

And flocks of fatt'ning sheep, and new-milch kine,  
 Luxurious graze, or on the turf recline ;  
 The draught-horse there on strength'ning herbage feeds ;  
 Here o'er the pastures prance the nobler steeds.

EXERT, O CERES ! thy celestial pow'r,  
 Nor let these wanton beasts thy crops devour ;  
 O goddess ! let thy watchful eye attend,  
 Propitious all thy embryo sheaves defend ;  
 And teach thy sons with diligence to keep  
 Each stubborn fence against the ox and sheep ;  
 Let neither mildews reign in vernal night,  
 Nor with'ring worm corrode, nor eastern blight ;  
 And may the æt'ive lightening's ruddy glare  
 Each milky grain and filmy blossom spare :  
 And may not show'rs of fierce autumnal rain  
 Destroy the product of the rip'ned plain ;  
 Till o'er their rising stacks the swains rejoice,  
 And "harvest home" resounds from ev'ry voice.

And

And careful watch, O PAN! thy past'ral charge,  
 Nor let the tender lambkins rove at large ;  
 Left, wand'ring devious from the fost'ring teat,  
 With cold and hunger pin'd they vainly bleat :  
 And guard the lib'ral rams, and teaming ewes,  
 When rav'nous dogs or prowling wolf, pursues ;  
 And from erosive rot, and wily fox,  
 Defend with constant care thy fleecy flocks ;  
 For BRITISH swains in thrifty flocks behold  
 A richer store than fam'd Potofi's gold.

THE peasant there, as meditation leads,  
 Eyes the brown produce of the rip'ning meads ;  
 And marks where silver grafs, or rattle, grow,  
 Resolving when to strike the slaughter'ing blow ;  
 Or, whistling on, a pond'rous bottle bears,  
 (Whose foamy freight the sputt'ring cork declares)  
 Alternate shifted to each weary'd hand,  
 Jocund he goes to meet the sturdy band ;

Who

Who in their motions time and order keep,  
 As by their sides they lodge the swelling heap,  
 Or rear the crooked blades, that o'er the fields  
 Dispread their dazzling gleams, like burnish'd shields;  
 As whetstones o'er the polish'd edge resound,  
 And with loud clangors fill the vales around;  
 While, join'd in concert, ev'ry manly voice  
 Makes the surrounding hills and woods rejoice;  
 While, o'er the shaven ground, the mingled throngs  
 Or sooth their toil with chat, or rural songs:  
 Here nymphs and swains the shining pitchfork wield,  
 To spread the swarth, or turn the with'ring field;  
 There, rang'd with rakes, the shining wind-rows seen,  
 In length'ning stripes; or cocks bespot the green:  
 And there, with mixed tools, a jovial train  
 Mould larger cocks, or load the groaning wain,  
 Or comb the reliques of the scatter'd plain.

SEE under yonder oak's refreshing shade,  
 With snowy cloth the pleasing verdure spread;

With smoaking cates in earthen dishes stor'd,  
 Such cates as swains admire, as cots afford ;  
 The pious master sanctifies the treat,  
 And while clean beechen trenchers bear the meat,  
 Blythe nymphs and swains, encircled on the ground,  
 The viands share, or lift the goblet round ;  
 Now, o'er the harmless tale they chearful smile ;  
 Now, stretch'd beneath the shade, they nod awhile ;  
 And now, with glee, resume their wonted toil.

YE threat'ning clouds suspend your baneful store,  
 Nor injure what your bounty gave before ;  
 Disgorge your wombs on scorch'd Iberian lands,  
 Or shed your useless load on Libya's sands ;  
 But here, thin, fleecy curtains oft display,  
 To shield from SOL's intolerable ray :  
 And oh ! ye lightsome breezes, frequent fly,  
 To cool the scalding sweat, and damp the flaming sky.



AND now the muse attains the grove's extreme,  
 Where, never blest with TITAN's gladsome gleam,  
 Solemn appears the dusky twilight cell,  
 Where moping melancholy likes to dwell ;  
 For oft has magic fancy seen her rove,  
 A meagre sprite, along the silent grove ;  
 Slow-creeping on with tottering step she went,  
 Her haggard looks for ever downward bent ;  
 Oft a flow tear bedew'd her deep-sunk eyes,  
 Oft her gaunt breast hove high with hollow sighs.

Oh ! gloomy Goddess ! ne'er approach my cot,  
 To make more dreary my penurious lot ;  
 To damp my labour, break my peaceful rest,  
 And cloud the sunshine of my chearful breast.  
 Could thy dull presence, when dire ills intrude,  
 Assuage their smart, or future pains preclude,  
 Thy happy influence then I'd ne'er disown,  
 But round my heart erect thy ebony throne :



But thou mak'st misery strike with double force,  
 Still pois'ning every pleasure at its source.  
 Then leave my breast, with all thy hated trains,  
 Nor spread thy raven plumes on Albion's plains ;  
 To nunn'ries, cloisters, monasteries, fly,  
 There damp the heart, and dim the radiant eye ;  
 With abstinence thy fullen vot'ries pine,  
 And pilgrimages, penances, enjoin.  
 But rational Reflection, eagle-ey'd,  
 Point thou my path, with Chearfulness thy guide ;  
 Teach me, though misery's ev'ry mortal's meed,  
 Though pains to pleasure, pleasures pains succeed ;  
 Though brumal blasts awhile deform the year,  
 Yet soon the jocund smiles of spring appear.  
 Then I'll enjoy the pleasures while they last,  
 Nor fear the future, nor regret the past :  
 Those pleasures which besit a virtuous mind,  
 For other pleasures leave a sting behind ;  
 Preventing ills, for ills will oft intrude,  
 My heart still arm'd with Christian fortitude ;

That

'That fortitude which virtue will attend  
Through life's short conflict, which so soon must end.

No longer now the cooling shades I share,  
But to yon terrace with the muse repair ;  
Where o'er the west unbounded prospects lie,  
'That with unnumber'd beauties fill the eye ;  
Where woods and fields unfold a various green,  
And lucid lakes illuminate the scene :  
And Stourbridge there, and there Old Swinford stands,  
And Dudley here the side-long glance demands,  
In whose domains, enrob'd in russet hue,  
A sterile wild diversifies the view \* ;  
Black groups of little mounds the surface throng,  
With straggling trees, and countless cots among.

THOUGH few external charms the surface grace,  
Its garb though mean, and abject though its face ;

---

\* Dudley wood, otherwise Pensnut chase.

Though nature all the field's increase deny'd,  
 And all the flow'ry meadow's gaudy pride,  
 Nor reverend woods the outward part adorn,  
 Nor aught dwells there but poverty and scorn;  
 Though pomp nor pow'r the barren scenes await,  
 They pass with scornful looks its lowly state;  
 Yet pride and folly only will despise,  
 Still honour'd by the gentle and the wise;  
 Well knowing its internal parts conceal \*  
 Its master's glory, and its country's weal;  
 More than Peru its pearls or gold can boast,  
 Or peerless gems of Coromandel's coast.

AND such art thou, O merit; virtue, thou :  
 When pomp nor riches deck your humble brow,  
 The world, unfriendly, passes heedless by,  
 Or marks your pen'ry with disdainful eye.

---

\* Famous for iron and coal mines.

YET some seraphic minds may condescend  
 To brighten merit, virtue to befriend.  
 Ev'n such to me did gentle SHENSTONE prove ;  
 And such was B——N's undeserved love ;  
 Nor yet did G——Z, nor yet did L——TH disdain,  
 Nor gen'rous M——BS, the unknown village swain.

THUS all she can the grateful muse repays,  
 While with your names she dignifies her lays.  
 But still to S——G are thankful numbers due,  
 And to you, R——NS, and F——DS, you ;  
 Whose kind beneficence, dear female band,  
 The best returns of gratitude demand.

STILL heaves with gratitude my lab'ring breast,  
 To you, whom Hymen blushing never bless'd ;  
 To breathe your pleasing names, ye bounteous fair !  
 But——O my muse ! their painful blushes spare.

YET——should you e'er the marriage life prefer,  
 With my warm wish, connubial pow'rs ! concur :

May each, like GRANDISON, behold her mate,  
 To blefs the happy hymeneal ftate :  
 Nor e'er fuch pen'ry and confinement fee,  
 The haplefs lot of DAPHNE and of me.

BACK thro' the cell I now the mufe attend,  
 And wind the wood, and down the dale defcend ;  
 Where firft a gently-waving walk is feen,  
 An auburn ftripe along the velvet green ;  
 Where hawthorns, fronting Phæbus' orient ray,  
 Now fickly-bloffoms, berries now, difplay.

HERE fhapely limes erect their formal heads,  
 There the proud beech its rough-husk'd fruitage fheds ;  
 Round whose wide circuit, fhook by fummer wind,  
 The turkey-tribe their kernel'd viands find ;  
 Or, underneath its folemn branches laid,  
 The wearied wand'rer finds both reft and fhade.

ANON, a cover'd fcreen a fhelter yields,  
 When weftern fhow'rs bedew the flow'ry fields ;

Or Sol, from Cancer fultry radiance pours,  
 And mid-day rages with the fervid hours ;  
 To fit and catch the cooling eastern gale,  
 With spicy pinion flutt'ring o'er the vale.  
 Behind, with ever-verdant honours crown'd,  
 Young cone-topp'd pines adorn the rising mound.

A DISTANT feat now strikes the busy view,  
 O'er-hung with tufts of holly, larch, and yew ;  
 Whose beauteous boughs with polish'd laurels join  
 Their various leaves, and emulative twine  
 A living wreath, to grace an honour'd name,  
 That shines in courts, and literary fame ;  
 Great LYTTLETON! the British senate's guide,  
 The foe of faction, and the statesman's pride ;  
 Alike the friend of science and of song ;  
 But—to his praise sublimer strains belong.  
 Nor scoff thou, Hagley, while my artless lays  
 Attempt in rural notes the LESSOWES praise.



Ye lovely streams, that sparkle silver light,  
 In frequent falls from many a stony height ;  
 Whose tuneful murmurs fill the floating gale  
 With liquid music, echoing down the dale,  
 Where weeping willows hide the rocky shore,  
 With crab-trees blushing blossoms arched o'er ;  
 Whose branches form a fair fantastic wreath,  
 And, dangling, shade the foamy floods beneath :  
 Here glassy lakes reflect their florid sides,  
 And cackling wild-ducks skim the curling tides ;  
 There, o'er the trees, the humble turrets rise  
 Of SHENSTONE'S dome, the seat of social joys !  
 While fields and woods combine their various hue,  
 And bord'ring hills surround th' enchanting view.

My eager muse now seeks the far-fam'd grove \*,  
 Where untir'd fancy might for ever rove ;

---

\* Virgil's grove.



That needs not tuneful VIRGIL's title court,  
 Its native charms might all its fame support.  
 Nor thou, sweet Mantuan muse, despise the shades,  
 Where art to nature lends her soft'ning aids;  
 Think not thy name disgrac'd in this fair scite,  
 Which fills each tasteful soul with soft delight;  
 Nor SHENSTONE, thou, the rustic muse disdain,  
 Who, thus ambitious, sings thy dear domain.

FIRST, half-reveal'd between the waving sprays,  
 The monument to deathless MARO's praise,  
 An obelisk, like bashful beauty, stands  
 Erected here by grateful friendship's hands;  
 And well rewarded are the builder's pains,  
 With thy harmonious, thy mellifluent strains;  
 And what more lasting praise could he bestow,  
 For whom these groves ascend, these fountains flow?  
 Except his numbers should enroll thy name,  
 That shall, like thine, ensure eternal fame;

And

And his lov'd virtues flourish fresh and gay,  
When these proud stones are mix'd with kindred clay.

AND next, to THOMPSON's mem'ry ever dear,  
(Who sung the seasons of the circling year ;  
But not a mere description to rehearse,  
He crown'd each pregnant scene with moral verse )  
With letter'd lays inscrib'd, a friendly seat  
Affords a view of all the blest retreat.

BUT why thus heaves my breast with pensive sighs ?  
Why starts the tear, and dims my dizzy eyes ?  
Ah ! tho' with fame and honours dignify'd,  
Yet here I learn the matchless MARO dy'd :  
Nor yet could flowing verse, nor virtue, save  
The gentle THOMPSON from the greedy grave ;  
And so, alas ! must SHENSTONE, soon or late,  
Like them, experience such disastrous fate.  
Nor bard nor prince can from death's shafts retire,  
He's virtue's guest, he's sent to bring her hire.

Yet

Yet why, O SHENSTONE ! should I fear for thee ?

I ne'er that inauspicious hour may see :

Thine eyes may range this dear Arcadia o'er,

When mine behold the blissful scene no more.

THERE, on the left, between the swelling hills,

A lucid lake collects the limpid rills ;

Whose silver currents, gather'd to a head,

Their freedom gain to form the grand cascade.

How oft beneath these sloping arbours laid,

As o'er the jetting stones the waters play'd,

Well pleas'd I've ey'd the broad-expanded flood,

With diamond lustre lighten all the wood ;

Its self-scoop'd reservoir beneath it laves

In foaming eddies, then in circling waves,

Kissing, in wanton sport, the rocky fides,

'Till, sweetly smiling, smoothly on it glides :

And now it sinks beneath the cavern'd road,

And gurgling moans along the dark abode ;

Now

Now winds, thro' grafs and fern, its mazy way,  
 And now again it bubbles into day ;  
 No longer shrowded in the path obscure,  
 But spreads its broad'ning bosom smooth and pure ;  
 And now, in less cascades, the bustling tide,  
 Flings down its wanton waves with dashing pride ;  
 Between the falls, the stream divided flows,  
 Where on a greenward isle a willow grows,  
 Supreme in sweetness o'er the prouder trees,  
 Whose fragrant foliage scents each passing breeze.  
 Below, a bridge across its current bends,  
 Whose curvy head a steady passage lends ;  
 Where, on its peaceful surface, round imprest,  
 A shining circle marks its shadowy breast :  
 Then in the neighb'ring pond it rests awhile,  
 Exempt from ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry toil.

AND here the moralizing muse may find  
 A striking emblem of the human kind :

The rapid stream, impetuous and wild,  
 Denotes the giddy, thoughtless, playful child ;  
 Then sinking from the fight, like studious youth  
 Secluded from the world in search of truth,  
 'Till growing by degrees, his mental pow'rs,  
 To public pastime dedicates his hours ;  
 And now to ripen'd manhood he attains,  
 The age that dull obscurity disdains ;  
 Embark'd upon the busy tides of life,  
 Alternate reigns tranquillity and strife ;  
 By every blust'ring blast of passion tost,  
 Buoy'd up with hope, or in despondence lost ;  
 'Till sinking in the icy arms of death,  
 With slow and short'ning sobs resigns his breath.

WHAT flow'rs along its borders nature sheds,  
 That o'er the wat'ry-mirror hang their heads ;  
 There, vainly, all their self-lov'd charms survey,  
 Until, NARCISSUS like, they pine away.

And

And first, the primrose clad in yellow pale,  
 And violets blue their od'rous sweets exhale;  
 And purple hyacinths, from their pendent bells,  
 Perfume with incense all the neighb'ring dells;  
 And wood-anemonies, rob'd in snowy white,  
 Whose spotless beauty's ev'ry grove's delight;  
 There fairest turbans, here with pride display'd,  
 In rich profusion deck the laughing glade.  
 But chief, the water-loving marygold,  
 When all her thronging blossoms wide unfold,  
 Each in a glossy tunic gaily drest,  
 With cloth of tissue all the vale invest.

THE thick-wove trees attract the lifted sight,  
 Whose blended verdure scarce admits the light;  
 Here poplars tremble o'er the prostrate stream,  
 Whose wavy face reflects a twinkling gleam;  
 And chestnuts tall, with limes and elms combin'd,  
 With op'ning arms embrace the wanton wind;

And



And here the hazel, here the alder spreads,  
 And oaks and ashes lift their lofty heads;  
 And all aspiring, climb their upward way,  
 To stretch their summits in the realms of day.  
 The hawthorn there and furrow'd maple grow,  
 And scarlet clusters on the dogwood glow;  
 And others, of a like inferior race,  
 Replenish with their boughs the nether space.

BEFORE the eye, in view direct, appears  
 The weeping fount for ever bath'd in tears;  
 And though with ceaseless waste the drops distil,  
 A scanty source supplies the frugal rill.

So should the fates with parsimonious hand,  
 Refuse what pride or lux'ry might demand,  
 With but a sparing patrimony blest,  
 Prudential care may furnish out the rest.

CLOSE where the streams descend with raving force,  
 A small chalybeat spring derives its source;

Where



Where rusty links an iron bowl sustain,  
 And hollow'd stones the gushing rill restrain ;  
 Whose waters, with salubrious virtue fraught,  
 To languid limbs afford a strength'ning draught.

THE muse no longer now, with chearful strain,  
 Describes the charms of this Hesperian scene ;  
 But thus, retiring, wakes her plaintive voice,  
 As EVE bewail'd the loss of Paradise.  
 Though all thy flow'rets bloom beyond compare,  
 Thy fountains more than other fountains fair ;  
 No shrubs, no trees, as thine so fresh and gay,  
 More soft thy songsters flute from ev'ry spray :  
 Sweet scene of love ! what blissful charms are thine !  
 And must I all thy dear delights resign ?  
 Yes ; fleeting Time, with frowning brow severe,  
 Sternly forbids a longer durance here ;  
 And other scenes the roving muse invite,  
 For fickle mortals still in change delight ;

For pleasure new solicits new desire,  
 And makes the past with flighter pangs retire ;  
 Progressive thus, each sublunary joy  
 Shall quickly vanish, or will quickly cloy ;  
 Except the pleasures that a virtuous mind  
 In acts of goodness may for ever find.  
 The reason's plain ; the grosser joys of sense  
 Ne'er mix with those of pure benevolence ;  
 That rapt'ring foretaste of the bliss above,  
 Where all is endless ecstasy and love.  
 But earthly pleasures, like man's earthly frame,  
 Nor long endure, nor long remain the same :  
 Yet though so transitory is their date,  
 Adapted to this low terrestrial state,  
 'They're fix'd to be in Providence's plan  
 Yearly renew'd, and last the date of man ;  
 Not meant by heav'n to perish unenjoy'd,  
 Nor to be scorn'd with superstitious pride ;  
 Nor, grov'ling here, the brutal soul to chain,  
 Where happiness is still alloy'd with pain ;

But

But there the soaring intellect to fix,  
Where pain or sorrow ne'er with transport mix.

HENCE, up an easy winding way I tread,  
Across a verdant flow'r-besprinkled mead,  
To where a thousand scents the shrubb'ry yields,  
Diffusing fragrance o'er surrounding fields,  
Approaching thoughtless near, with careless gaze,  
Each startled bosom beats with soft amaze;  
For, as a lover, by some rural shade,  
Not yet expecting his dear sylvan maid,  
His heedless looks o'er all the prospect rove,  
Hills, woods, and fields, when turning tow'ards the grove,  
She from a thicket starts before his eyes,  
And fills his breast with pleasure and surprise;  
So here, the bright-streak'd phillyreas between,  
And broad-leav'd laurels ever-shining green;  
A Medicean Venus' charms impart  
A sudden impulse to each gazer's heart;

And

And might her statuary's soul inflame,  
 More than Pygmalion's by his iv'ry dame :  
 Yet while her beauties every breast inspire,  
 Her bashful looks suppresses wild desire ;  
 In perfect symmetry the whole is wrought,  
 And every well-turn'd limb with beauty fraught ;  
 Her modest mien, her graceful attitude,  
 And ev'ry feature, seems with thought endu'd.  
 Thus, by an oval basin's grass-grown side,  
 Dimpling, whose surface glist'ring gold-fish glide ;  
 She stands beneath a fair Liburnum's head,  
 With saffron-tassel'd blossoms overspread :  
 These intermixing, purple lilacs meet,  
 And fragrant myrtle blooms beside her feet ;  
 Geraniums spread their painted honours by,  
 And orange-plants, whose fruitage tempts the eye :  
 But what still pleases more, the musing mind,  
 Near, on a mossy mould'ring root, may find  
 In polish'd stanzas many a tuneful strain,  
 The gard'ner's art, and beauty's pow'r explain.

By these, the prickly-leaved oak you see,  
 And with frontated leaves the tulip-tree ;  
 Here, yellow blows the thorny barberry-bush,  
 And velvet roses spread their bright'ning blush ;  
 And here the damask, there the provence rose,  
 And cerasus's, double blooms disclose,  
 With rip'ning fruit domestic raspberries glow,  
 And sweets americans their scents bestow ;  
 White lilacs and syringas shed perfumes,  
 And gelder-roses hang their bunchy blooms ;  
 And tow'ring planes erect their heads sublime,  
 And by the sweet-briar flow'ring willows climb ;  
 Here flimsy-leav'd acacia drooping weeps,  
 And lowly laurustinus humbly creeps ;  
 The foreign dogwood shoots its sanguine sprays,  
 And sable yews combine with chearful bays ;  
 While, by the double-blossom'd hawthorn, stands  
 Curl'd laurel, brought from Portugalian strands ;  
 And arbor-vitæ's rear their fetid heads,  
 And stinking tithymal effluvia spreads ;

Here Scotch and silver firs, the shrubs among,  
 And lovely larch with hairy verdure hung,  
 And sycamores their lofty summits rear,  
 And silver-border'd foliage hollies wear ;  
 While these above, with various others, twine,  
 Beneath, the piony and catch-fly shine ;  
 Narcissus fair, and early daffodil,  
 Between their stems the vacant spaces fill.  
 Across the center, o'er a pebbly way,  
 From latent fountain, limpid waters play ;  
 Where, from a terrace grac'd with IAGO's name \*,  
 Who oft has felt the muse's thrilling flame,  
 A painted seat appears, in green array'd,  
 A prospect yielding o'er a lovely glade :  
 The batter'd priory crowns its further side,  
 Beyond, hills, lakes, and buildings scatter'd wide :

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\* Vid. DODSLEY's Miscellanies, vol. V. page 70.



While, half-conceal'd behind the thick-wrought leaves,  
 Another feat supports the name of GRAVES \*,  
 GRAVES, gentlest bard of Acmancesta's plain †,  
 Whose mind's as gen'rous as his heart's humane.

OH! happy scenes! of ever soft delight,  
 To charm the ravish'd ear, the smell, the sight;  
 Buds not a bush these warbling woods among,  
 But yields from some sweet chorister a song;  
 Breathes not a breeze across these fragrant vales,  
 But may compare with sweet Sabea gales;  
 While all the fields and meads, the woods and bow'rs,  
 With fairest verdure shine, with fairest flow'rs.

WITHIN these walks what blissful hours I've spent!  
 Nor felt the pangs of dreary discontent;

\* Vide DODSLEY's Miscellanies, vol. V. page 62.

† Bath.



But all my spirits flow'd serenely gay,  
 My bosom thrill'd beneath the muse's sway.  
 But chief, O SHENSTONE! when with thee I've stray'd  
 O'er chequer'd lawns, or thro' the mazy shade;  
 To trim the avenue's encroaching side,  
 That would or houses, hills, or waters hide,  
 To lop the thistle's tall unseemly head,  
 Or brambles, that o'er walks unwelcome spread;  
 Or underneath some fair umbrageous tree  
 Have sat, and heard th' instructive lore with glee;  
 Have heard thee philosophic truths impart,  
 Or teach my artless muse the muses' art;  
 Or plant thy morals in my docile breast,  
 In clearest language, clearer still express'd \*.

But now, when o'er the chequer'd lawn I stray,  
 There FLORA wanders, weeping all the way;

---

\* The Author had wrote thus far before Mr. SHENSTONE's death.

And as at every step she drops a tear,  
 The flowrets fade, and noisome weeds appear :  
 Or if along the woodland walk I rove,  
 The Dryads groan along each frightened grove :  
 From every tree the Hamadryads wail,  
 The Fauns and Satyrs o'er each hill and dale.

PAN throws his untun'd syrinx heedless by,  
 And musing stands, and wipes each tearful eye ;  
 Or hideous howling, with incessant cries,  
 O'er every plain, and echoing woodland flies ;  
 While starting sudden from the circling waves,  
 With shrillest shrieks each madd'ning Naiad raves,  
 And beat their throbbing breasts, and wildly tear  
 Their long lank locks of loose dishevel'd hair ;  
 Then sadly sob along the verdant brink,  
 Then plunging in the billows, fighting sink.

APOLLO leans upon his unstrung lute,  
 Around him every mourning muse is mute,

Except Melpomene, who, to-trembling strings,  
 This plaintive dirge in broken accent sings ;  
 Oh ! hear, ye rocks, and Heliconian shades !  
 Oh ! join me, sisters, soft Pierian maids !  
 With me our son's, our brother's loss deplore ;  
 Alas ! alas ! dear SHENSTONE is no more !  
 O honour'd fire ! could not thy healing hand,  
 The fev'rish fire, the putrid pow'r withstand ?  
 Why didst not thou his flutt'ring heart sustain,  
 And pour thy balm thro' every throbbing vein ?  
 Or with nectareous draughts his life prolong,  
 And make his frame immortal as his song ?  
 Or didst thou envy his expansive name ?  
 Left he should rival thy celestial fame.

OH, had I heard thy last departing breath !  
 And clos'd thine eyes, thy lovely eyes ! in death ;  
 For thy example, at the last, would give  
 A lesson how to die as well as live :

That I might there have pour'd mine heart, mine eyes,  
 In all the luxury of tears and sighs ;  
 That ev'ry word and action might have prov'd  
 How much I honour'd, and how much I lov'd !  
 And with ten thousand fervent pray'rs have strove  
 Thy iron heart, O ruthless death ! to move.  
 Or rather bent my knees to his blest will,  
 Who breaks thy shafts, or gives them pow'r to kill ;  
 For all that art and med'cine's power could do,  
 O ASH, and WALL \*, was minister'd by you !  
 But ah, in vain ! for fix'd were heav'n's decrees  
 To crown his virtues with eternal bliss.

O THOU, PHILANDER ! tuneful friend unknown,  
 Whose elegiac notes his death bemoan ;  
 My soul, transported, heard thy warbling lays,  
 While ev'ry accent wept my SHENSTONE's praise ;

---

\* Two physicians who attended Mr. SHENSTONE in his last illness.

More, than because thy muse recorded me,  
 “ The tender shoot of blooming fancy’s tree\*.”

AND CUNNINGHAM †, whose plaintive numbers show  
 A heart that melts with sympathy of woe,  
 Accept my thanks—To thee my thanks are due,  
 For who is SHENSTONE’s friend, is virtue’s too.  
 And who, that e’er his happy friendship blest,  
 But feels the sad contagion strike his breast?  
 And who, that ever felt the muse’s fire,  
 But in his praise must wake the weeping lyre?  
 And who, that ever heard his numbers flow,  
 But felt the muse through all his bosom glow?

WHEN my stunn’d eyes thy faded visage saw,  
 When I approach’d thy breathless corse with awe;  
 Oh! that my tears, as fresh’ning summer rains  
 Revive the flow’rs that droop on drougthy plains,

\* Vide Gent. Mag. for March 1763. Poetry.

† A Gentleman who wrote some verses on his death.

Had, with like pow'r, impell'd thy filent heart,  
 Had push'd the vital flood through ev'ry part ;  
 While with my sighs I'd mov'd thy lab'ring breast,  
 And instant rous'd each torpid pow'r from rest :  
 But oh ! I vainly sigh'd ! I vainly wept !  
 For in the frigid grasp of death he slept.

BUT, base self-love ! no longer thus complain,  
 Nor wish him back to misery and pain ;  
 Man's happiness is ne'er secure below,  
 But oft he feels the random shafts of woe :  
 Then all ye unavailing murmurs cease,  
 Nor banish from my breast the sweets of peace ;  
 But acquiesce in Heav'n's benign decree,  
 'Tis Heav'n's—'Tis best for SHENSTONE and for me ;  
 But, pardon, Heav'n ! my recent woe recoils,  
 With poignant anguish still my bosom boils ;  
 My will prophane, with reason still at strife,  
 Though all in vain, would wish him back to life.

OH happy spirit! where dost thou reside;  
 Say, how are all thy blisful hours employ'd?  
 Dost thou, O kind Philanthropist! descend  
 To visit earth (man's universal friend)?  
 Dost thou, unseen, the pow'r of vice controul,  
 And breathe thy spirit through each wayward soul?  
 Dost thou the sad complaints of misery hear,  
 And, unperceiv'd, repel each doubt and fear?  
 Or dost thou rove BRITANNIA's bards among,  
 The guardian genius of the moral song?  
 Or, strung t' angelic numbers, does thy lyre  
 Now sweetly join the blest celestial choir?  
 Who to their golden harps incessant sing  
 Their hallelujahs to th' Eternal King.  
 Or does thy spirit range without a bound,  
 Where other planets, other scenes, surround?  
 Or visit these thy native woods and streams,  
 Where oft thy muse has sung her sylvan themes?



YE lofty woods of spreading beech and oak,  
 Long, long may ye escape the woodman's stroke;  
 Ye groves, ye fields, should SHENSTONE pass this way,  
 Your loveliest leaves, your brightest blooms display;  
 That, in these shades, he oft may deign to dwell,  
 And ev'ry threat and injury repel.

BUT it avails not me where SHENSTONE roves,  
 Or whether now the guardian of those groves;  
 Within the dust his body mould'ring lies,  
 His mind eludes these gross corporeal eyes.

How welcome would I meet my final doom,  
 How willing drop my carcase in the tomb,  
 Would Heav'n conduct me to that blissful seat,  
 Where joys ne'er end, where ev'ry joy's compleat;  
 Where he, and countless kindred spirits, prove  
 Virtue's reward, and their Redeemer's love;  
 For happiness is virtue's lot confess'd;  
 SHENSTONE was virtuous, SHENSTONE must be bless'd.

BUT

BUT death will soon arrive without a call,  
 And by disease or time I soon must fall.  
 Tho' these tall shades the murd'ring ax defy,  
 Yet soon will time's slow-wasting fangs destroy ;  
 And soon these lovely fields by which they stand,  
 And all the fair extent of Albion's land,  
 Each flinty rock, and marble hill, decay,  
 And all this vast rotund of earth shall melt away.

AND now, my muse, recline thy feeble plume,  
 No more on thine unaided strength presume ;  
 No more on waxen pinions dare to fly,  
 With none to guide thee thro' the pathless sky ;  
 No more will SHENSTONE patronize thy lay,  
 Thy beauties gild, or prune thy faults away.

AND thou, my lyre, beneath this cypress shade,  
 In scatter'd fragments be for ever laid :  
 Thy strings bedew'd with many a streaming tear,  
 With one expiring clangor strike my ear ;

For thus I dash thee on the moisten'd ground,  
 While with confused notes the hills and woods resound :  
 For you've accomplish'd now your pleasing themes,  
 Have sung the LESSOWES groves, the LESSOWES streams ;  
 Have sung my SHENSTONE's dear departed ghost,  
 The muse's glory, every virtue's boast ;  
 Have sung the sorrows of my troubled breast ;  
 Rest thou my muse, my lyre for ever rest.

N. B. Since these poems went to the press, the author has informed the editor, that he is in possession of a free school of 101. per. annum, presented him by Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward.

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